UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

On the Detroit Side Lines

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part II Chapter VI. By M. K. GANDHI

Annie Besant

By JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

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OF GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

began in this magazine on

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVIII MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1926 NUMBER 8

A HYMN

Infinite Source of all our life,
We come to thee by many ways;
Some find thee in the storm and strife,
Some in the peace of sunny days.

We call thee, too, by many names,
Jehovah, Allah, God and Lord,
What matter?—if the spirit flames
And in our purpose we accord.

What is our purpose but to live
Fully and freely in thy sight,
To share, to labor, and to give
Ourselves, that all may see the light.

The light of truth, the light of love,
Of beauty and of brotherhood.
Such light comes only from above,
It brings the Kingdom of the Good.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

We have seldom read a more moving document than the appeal to Mahatma Gandhi, as published in the Bombay *Chronicle* of September 6th, last, to emerge from his retirement and resume the active leadership of his people. The appeal is beyond words impressive, first because of its revelation of the distracted condition of India due to the strife of individuals and parties, and secondly because of its touching exaltation of the Mahatma as the one man who can step forth and save the nation.

> We speak (say the signers of this appeal) the unspoken anxiety and eagerness of millions of your countrymen who have been long waiting for a lead from you, the one Indian who is a national figure, and is trusted by all the warring communities, and feared as well as respected by the Government.

Recent years have witnessed "triumph after triumph of the forces of reaction." Involved in these triumphs are "surrender after surrender" which Gandhi has made, in the highest spirit of self-abnegation, rather than permit the country to be cast into the unfathomable pit of irremediable wrongs." But, continues the appeal,

> There are many who have never understood the sublime self-sacrifice dictating your actions ever since your unconditional release from jail, and we express the sentiments of such doubters and waverers and the inarticulate, but not insignificant millions, when we say that the moment has come when you may, out of your infinite love for the motherland, make the greater sacrifice than all others you have made hitherto, of foregoing the vow you have imposed on yourself.

Other leaders, in other words, have been followed, other policies tried, and nothing has been gained. On the contrary, there has been steady and disastrous loss ever since the Mahatma voluntarily relinquished his post of command. Now, as before, he is the one man who can save the situation.

> The country (says the appeal) is even now nationalist to the core. It only needs a leader who thinks their thoughts, hopes their hopes, feels their wrongs and fights their battles, without a thought of self. Sir, such a leader is rare; but India is fortunate in having, at least, one such citizen, to wit, yourself.

We do not know, of course, what response Gandhi will make to this appeal. We do know that its publication proves anew how ridiculous is the idea that the Mahatma is a spent force, a burnt-out torch. This quiet little man, armed only with "soul-force," as he calls it, is still the one supreme influence in India. The appeal states only a sober fact when it speaks of Gandhi as "the unquestioned leader of the Indian people."

Ever since we can remember we have been accused of having crazy ideas. These ideas have seemed to us to be the height of common sense, but our friends have seldom agreed. Every once in a while, however, some one comes 'round to our way of thinking, and we are confirmed in our crazy notions. For example! We have always had the idea that building rapid transit lines—more particularly subways and elevated roads—from the centre of a great city out into the suburbs, is sheer nonsense. In twenty years of life in New York, we have seen unnumbered millions of dollars lavished on extensive subways—line after line laid out, mile after mile constructed—and nobody benefited but the real estate owners. Is congestion relieved? Not a bit! On the contrary, it was never so terrible. We used to have only the old elevated railroads. Then conditions got worse, and we built the old Broadway subway. Then conditions got still worse, and we extended this subway into the great east and west trunk lines. Then conditions got worse than ever, and we built the Brooklyn subway. Now conditions are the worst in the history of the city—simply indescribable! —and the cry is lifted for "more subways." Curious, that nobody can see, after all this experience, that rapid transit lines of this kind simply *create traffic faster than they can handle it!* But at last, somebody *does* see! In Los Angeles, where the problem of getting into the center of the city from the expanding environs has become critical, a movement for subways,

is well started. Now comes the City Club, under the leadership of some unnamed genius, to denounce the idea as the one thing which will make the situation not better at all, but as much worse as can be conceived. There is no solution here. Not in concentration but in dispersion is the remedy. We must abandon the thought of having one center where millions of people do all their business and seek all their pleasure, and turn to the really creative idea of organizing many centres for the fostering of community as contrasted with metropolitan life. Another subway in New York, and we shall strangle to death!

Now that we are talking about rapid transit, a more or less hopeless problem in all of our cities as things are run now, let us submit another "insane" idea. This also, to our comfort be it said, has distinguished support, no less a paper than the *New Republic* advocating what has been a favorite doctrine of ours for years. But in the eyes of the average citizen, none the less, our suggestion is just sheer lunacy. What we believe is this —that on all of our municipal car lines—surface, elevated and subway—riding should be just as free as walking on the sidewalk or driving on the street. The idea of having to pay to ride on a city transit line is as absurd in this age as it would be to pay tolls on roads and bridges. The railroad, electric or steam, is our modern highway, and, like the ordinary highway, its use should be free to all. The mere suggestion conjures up pictures, of course, of everybody immediately rushing to the car lines to get "a free ride." Our cars would be swamped, and all transit thus made impossible! And so it would be, perhaps, for the first few days after the great change. The same thing would happen that happened in Moscow when street car service was restored after months of rusty rails and idle cars. The whole city started to ride at once, and service stopped again. But how long would this last? How many people have the time to do nothing but ride on elevateds and in subways? How much novelty or pleasure is there in this kind of entertainment? A few days, and the excitement would be over. People would ride as they now walk—when they have to! But how would the transit lines be supported with no fares, you ask? The way they are partly supported now in many places—as in New York, for example—by taxation. We support our streets by taxation—why not our rails on or above or under the streets? But this would be municipal ownership? Exactly! What stronger argument can there be for the change than this? Our children are some day going to be amazed and amused that we have to pay to ride on private railroads, just as we are amazed and amused that our grandfathers had to pay to ride on private toll roads.

What have the Detroit churches to say for themselves? One would have to search through a good deal of ecclesiastical history to find anything quite so raw as the action of these churches, on October 10th, last, in banishing the leaders of the American Federation of Labor from their pulpits. If the churches had taken this action on their own initiative and by their own free choice, it might have been explainable if not excusable. But it seems evident that it was prompted by a local industrial dispute, at the dictation of the Board of Commerce and the Building Trades Association. The churches heard their master's voice, in other words, and came to heel. All of which means that we have one more demonstration of the fact the churches talk and *talk* and TALK and TALK, but that when it comes to doing something real, they turn traitor every time! Are the churches in favor of improved labor conditions, of helping the working man, of democratizing industrial relations? Read the resolution of church conferences, the platforms of inter-church bodies, the Labor Sunday sermons! O, my—there isn't anything that the churches won't do for labor! But let a dispute break out between employer and employee, let a strike come, as at Passaic, let a $5,000,000 building campaign be under way, as here at Detroit, and the churches either run to cover and do nothing, or else become the obedient servants of capitalistic interests. This Detroit episode is a beautiful case in point. The A. F. of L. leaders had all been invited to speak on the Sunday preceding the great convention. Announcements had been issued—all arrangements made. Then, without an instant's warning, the invitations were withdrawn. What have the Detroit churches got to say in defense of such an exhibition of subserviency and cowardice? On the face of things, they are owned body and soul by the Chamber of Commerce—by *money*. They put every church in this country under the suspicion and reproach of being similarly owned, Judas went and hanged himself. What will these churches do?

All lovers of real literature owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Richard Le Gallienne for his Introduction to his "Anthology of American Verse," recently reviewed in UNITY. Speaking of the world-poets produced by America, he has the temerity to include Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in the list. These poets, he declares, are four in number—Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, and Whitman. He realizes that many readers, in these superficial and supercilious days, will object to such a description of the Cambridge bard. But "to belittle Longfellow," he says, "is merely stupid." To which we gratefully chant a fervent Amen! Longfellow is not the greatest of poets, but he is a great poet. His ballads are among the best of our time; his lyrics have charm if not passion and ecstasy; his Dante sonnets are classics of the highest order; and "in 'Hiawatha,' 'Evangeline,' and 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,'" as Mr. Le Gallienne points out, "he has written the legend of American history with something of epic

breadth." We count an ability to appreciate Longfellow and Whitman together at their respective worth as one of the tests of true poetic sense. In his survey of the contemporary American poetry, Mr. Le Gallienne seems to us not so happy. We have a high estimate of this poetry, and read with joy the work of such writers as Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Vachel Lindsay, Witter Bynner, Carl Sandburg, and many others. But we think that Mr. Le Gallienne has been tempted to exaggeration when he says that "contemporary American poetry is at present the most vital and orginal being written in the English tongue." If he would prove that this is not so, let Mr. Le Gallienne compare the last pages of his "Anthology of English Verse" with the last pages of his new "Anthology of American Verse." We have no poets who can measure up to Thomas Hardy, John Masefield, William Watson, Robert Bridges, Rudyard Kipling, E. A. Housman, Gordon Bottomley, or Walter de la Mare. Nor is the general level of our achievement in this field to be compared with that of England. American poetry was never so fresh, vigorous or truly creative as it is today. But it has a long way to go before it can equal the product of the mother country.

On the Detroit Side Lines

On its face the affair at Detroit seems to have taken care of itself. Perhaps this is only appearance. The end may not be known until the churches of the city have lived with themselves for a while after Labor convention delegates and national religious leaders have departed.

Detroit is the stronghold of the "open shop." Most of the industrial magnates who have built up the automobile industry believe in that policy with all the devotion of exploiters, and practice it with a success which is possible only among the pioneer conditions of an industry to which the blue sky is still the limit.

When the American Federation of Labor designated Detroit as the seat of the 1926 convention, it was naturally accepted as a challenge to the "open shop" policy. Probably it was so intended. For one of the first announcements issued in the press from the convention was the purpose of the Federation to set about the confessedly Herculean task of organizing labor in the automotive industry.

Representatives of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America did what has now become customary at conventions of the American Federation of Labor. With the co-operation of pastors and church officiaries they arranged for convention leaders to appear in the pulpits of the city on the one Sunday that the convention is in session.

This was accepted by the industrial magnates in control of the Detroit Board of Commerce as a feature of the challenge, which the convention as a whole essentially was. They vigorously countered. They stirred up lay church officials to cancel these pulpit engagements, contending that they should be permitted to hold only on condition that the same pulpits should be opened to "the other side" on the following Sunday. Engagements were generally canceled, to the scandal of members of the convention, the national religious leaders on the ground, and, as it later proved, certain of the pastors of the city. So sweeping seemed the victory of the "open shop" party that Mr. Green, President of the Federation, is reported to have been moved to scathing and all-inclusive comment upon the churches.

The pressure brought upon the Y. M. C. A. of Detroit was particularly severe. The campaign for five millions of dollars for a building program of the "Y" has not yet been completed. It was frankly stated that any countenance of the Federation leaders would be construed as offensive to the industrial magnates who had pledged very large sums to the movement. This attitude of the directorate of the "Y" was so openly hostile to the Federation of Labor that even the New York *Times* administered an editorial rebuke of the obnoxious "materialism" of the "Y." The *Times* published many columns of despatches from Detroit dealing with these incidents of the convention, stating facts evidently recognized by reporters and the management to be damaging to the reputation of the commercial interests back of the "open shop" attack upon the Federation.

But by the time Sunday came, events had taken another turn. Under the leadership of certain of the pastors widely known for their liberality, and of the representatives of the Federal Council of Churches, rousing meetings were held in certain of the churches. So uncompromising was much of the counter attack upon Detroit's industrial magnates that Mr. Green, who appeared on one of the most widely announced Sunday programs, was permitted to assume the happy duty of mollifying incensed leaders. He pled for good will and the open mind all around.

Conspicuous among the local pastors who organized the successful church meetings of protest [against Detroit's churches' attack upon organized labor] were Dr. Hough, Dr. Atkins, and Dr. Niebuhr. We recall with admiration that all three are closely connected with our aggressively liberal religious contemporary in Chicago, *The Christian Century*, two of them on the associate editorial staff, and the other a frequent contributor. Dr. Alva W. Taylor, another associate editor

of *The Christian Century,* was prominent among the national religious leaders attending the convention. We must believe that the fellowship of liberal thinking and speaking in this editorial relationship did much to inspire the courage of their stand.

But it remained for Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York, to contribute the touch of religious statesmanship. He appeared late on the convention program. He expressed in characteristically vigorous language his conviction that the action of the Detroit churches did not represent the attitude of churches and synagogues generally, toward organized labor.

But he did not let the convention off with smooth assurances of religious support. A mystical otherworldliness may prompt pronouncements about the goodness of being good, the benevolence of being benevolent, the propriety of being tolerant, of insuring the glorious American prerogatives of free speech and free assembly, and of the right to "collective bargaining" as a beautiful sentiment. But Rabbi Wise brought the convention up sharply with a practical challenge. Literally. For the delegates came to their feet in one of the most impressive demonstrations of the session.

The Federation of Labor is in danger of smugness. What the other religious leaders said and did is not calculated particularly to fend against this peril. After they had finished with them the delegates doubtless were disposed to consider themselves, as the English would say, quite a little bit of all right. But when Rabbi Wise had finished they were on their feet in what it may be hoped will prove an invincible determination to undertake a long and conspicuously neglected duty.

The convention had dramatically announced its intention to organize the workers of the automobile industry. Yet these are among the most favored of American workingmen. Wage scales are notoriously high. Labor leaders do well to undertake this task, to be sure, for perils impend and hard conditions already begin to pinch some of these workers. But Rabbi Wise wanted to know what organized labor means to do about the 750,000 textile workers, notoriously ill-paid and otherwise oppressed, also notoriously unorganized and incapable of resisting conditions which have long ground them down.

Rabbie Wise knows what he is talking about. He has been present at Passaic, New Jersey, and has taken a direct hand in an industrial contest in several projects unparalleled in American history. Rhetorical justifications of free speech and assembly, and of the right to collective bargaining, falter and evaporate into the thin phrases they often are, in the face of such conditions as have prevailed for the past year in Passaic and often in the textile regions of New England.

In the spell of Dr. Wise's challenge labor leaders should have left Detroit under an importunate urge to take up this burden. Burden it will prove to be. Burden it has been these years long to hundreds of thousands of American working people. No smugness, religious or other, is tolerable in the face of this challenge to enlighted labor leadership.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

UNITY gives cordial greeting to the revived *World Tomorrow.* Its first number (October), devoted to the discussion of "Militarism in the U. S. A.", gives promise of a better as well as a bigger magazine than ever. Here is a pacifist organ which, in sheer power and intelligence, is going to keep our militarist friends on the jump.

John Galsworthy announces that his new play, "Escape," is his last play. The critics rather generally refuse to take him seriously. But Thomas Hardy announced many years ago, after the publication of *Jude the Obscure,* that this was his last novel—and it was!

The Queen of Roumania is a welcome visitor. She shows how fortunate we are in this country to be rid of all such foolish and expensive fol-de-rol.

Lady Astor, returning to England, declares that Prohibition is already a success, and will become more so as time goes on. This, to quote the Barrie phrase, is "what every woman knows." It is also what every man will know eventually.

Carl Sandburg tells us in his "Abraham Lincoln" (volume II, page 349) that "the entire expense of Lincoln's nomination . . . was less than $700." We have been trying for weeks to find some appropriate comment to make upon this fact, but words and thoughts both fail. Somehow or other, the statement seems to speak sufficiently for itself.

We have it on the excellent authority of the *Christian Century* that many men prominent in the political life of Europe are Prohibitionists in the American sense. Among those named are: Carl Ekman, prime minister of Sweden; Edouard Herriot, former premier of France; President Mazaryk, of Czechoslovakia; President Danitsch, of Austria; Prime Minister Celin, of Latvia; and President Jaakson, of Esthonia.

J. H. H.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

I

I am prepared to give my readers some information, valuable in the building of an up-to-date prison. Personally, I am unfavorable to prisons at all, since I accept the conclusions of those who know most, that jails and prisons are, in the large, schools of crime. Yet, if we must have prisons, I vote for the best. Here is the way I secured my information. The penitentiary of the state of Washington was partially consumed by fire. It was thought by the public that a new one would be erected. Consequently, Dr. H. H. Hart of the Russell Sage Foundation, 130 E. 22nd St., New York, wrote a letter to the Warden and Prison Board of that state. He has been a student of prisons for forty years, having been consulted on prison propositions in the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Connecticut, Texas, South Carolina and other states. He was good enough to send me a copy of his letter, which I am glad to share with my readers. Dr. Hart assumes that a new prison is about to be built, which is unfortunately not the case, since the old one was only partly destroyed. However, the information loses none of its value. He writes:

I would strongly advise you to spend some state money in the study of existing prisons. There have been great changes in the past twenty years in the ideas of practical prison men. These ideas have been embodied in the Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater; the new Illinois Penitentiary at Statesville; the Indiana State Farm at Greencastle; the new receiving department of the Sing Sing Prison at Ossining, New York; the District of Columbia Reformatory at Lorton, Virginia; and the new Kilby Prison at Montgomery, Alabama. Single buildings, illustrating the new departure in prison construction are found at the Chicago House of Correction and in the plans of the new Cook County Jail, which has recently been planned and is about to be constructed at Chicago.

The cardinal principles which are essential in any new prison building I believe to be the following: First, that under no circumstances shall it be permissible to keep two prisoners in the same cell; second, that it is preferable to have a separate cell for each prisoner and that for the great majority of the prisoners the cells should be placed against the outside wall, with a window in each cell. The cage plan which prevails in most of the American prisons should be used only for a minority of the prisoners, not exceeding one-third, who are deemed likely to attempt to break out of prison; third, the use of chrome steel for window bars or steel gratings is unnecessary in a state prison. A good officer with his eye peeled is a greater protection against escapes than any cell cage that was ever invented.

Fourth, that while it is desirable to have a separate cell for every prisoner, if it is deemed necessary, from motives of economy, to place more than one prisoner in a cell, the number should never be less than three. In the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City several cell houses have been converted into dormitories with 50 to 100 men in each dormitory. This produced conditions similar to those under which soldiers are kept in army barracks and sailors on warships. While this arrangement is not the most desirable one it can be successfully used if proper discipline is maintained under efficient and trustworthy guards.

Fifth, that every board contemplating the erection of a new prison should study the District of Columbia Reformatory at Lorton, Virginia. Its architecture represents a complete departure from the expensive plans which have prevailed for many years in prison construction, representing a saving of at least fifty per cent in building costs, without sacrificing essential features of prison construction. Superintendent Barnard of that reformatory was for many years connected with the Indiana Prison at Michigan City and is a practical prison man. The reformatory is being constructed entirely by prison labor, directed by a small number of citizen foremen. In the meantime the prisoners are occupying wooden barracks similar to those used for soldiers during the war. The discipline is admirable and the number of escapes is negligible. . . . Even the most dangerous prisoners can be successfully kept in such barracks provided an adequate force of well-trained and reliable guards is maintained. . . . Many good suggestions can be had by studying the new Erie County Penitentiary at Buffalo and the Westchester County Penitentiary at East View, New York.

All interested in social reform will find this letter profitable. Dr. Hart will doubtless be glad to enter into correspondence with any who wish to go deeper into the matter. In my opinion he is the best posted man in America on the subject of prisons.

It is of greater importance to note that in spite of improvements in prisons the output of crime mounts steadily. Take crime against property alone, it is estimated that criminals in the United States steal four thousand million dollars a year while six thousand million dollars are spent on police, insurance against theft, prisons, criminal courts, etc. A Justice in New York, by the name of Dowling, attributes the crime wave to the "wreckage of war, which wrecks men physically and morally." In commenting on this, Arthur Brisbane, the most widely read writer in the country, says, "Young men were told that killing somebody you never saw before across the ocean is a noble deed. A certain number, feeble-minded, concluded that if it is all right to kill for Uncle Sam, it's all right to kill for their own pocket-books. It will take some time to get over that."

II

Three observations of yesterday—Sunday—will serve to illustrate several important phases of American life. *One.* While out for a morning walk I noted two boys of 10 or 12 engrossed in a paper with a yellow color. At times they would indulge in chuckles of laughter. It was, of course, the four-page sport and funnies sheet, for which the children of practically every home in America dive, when the paper is thrown on the porch. This sheet has more to do in the culture of future America than any other single agency. Easily one-half of the readers of the papers never even glance at the main part of the paper, unless perchance this part carries some late returns of sport scores. One needn't worry, I suppose, especially when it will do no good. Two features however are quite objectionable, from the point of view of certain ethical principles which it has taken some centuries for the race to attain. One is the vulgarity with which the sex relation is portrayed. When I look at the "Funnies," the billboards, and step into a movie or a play—everywhere America seems to be obsessed with sex-suggestion, not generally indecent but always vulgar.

Two. No one can understand the history of America without taking into consideration the influence of revivals in religion. Much of the advancement in social and political reform has been secured, in part, by revival meetings. Such reforms may have been only a by-product. For a week or two I have been watching the erection of a huge "tabernacle" near me. It will hold 5000 people. Saw-dust or shavings cover the

floor. Unplaned boards are used throughout in the construction. There is a huge platform, in front of it being a long altar, for future converts. I was present at the first meeting, on Sunday afternoon. Over 1000 were there. The evangelist, Dr. Price, spoke on the theme most common in evangelist meetings. The Need and Power of the Holy Spirit. Meetings will go on for weeks. With the kind of preaching I heard, the city would probably not be stirred. But there is the promise of healings. "When sufficient faith is created, then people will come here on crutches, and go away without them. People will be cured of goitres and tumors. Within ten days this tabernacle will not be large enough to hold the people. Police will be required to handle those who come, so great will be the throngs." I looked about upon those who were there. They were good people, whole families, easily moved to peace or war, but seeking for blessings that had been denied them thus far in life,—health, satisfaction, joy. I felt sorry for them at times, but I'd rather the people would be there than at a prize-fight, the races or some vulgar movie. There was written superstition on the faces of the people, but one thing was sure, they wanted to be better. They wanted to forget their sins and sorrows, and a proposition that included God and eternity appealed to them. What I wish the reader would note is that a considerable part of the history of America—and not the worst part of that history—was produced in meetings like the one I was sitting in. They have produced the people and morale which at critical times in the life of the nation have turned the tide toward righteousness and freedom. This, in spite of crude theologies, superstitions, mistaken visions and absurd claims.

Three. On Sunday morning, I attended, by radio, three services. It is a bit like spending an afternoon in Hyde Park, listening to the many cults that hold forth. One may not gather much information that is valuable, but he is made conscious of the tolerance of the Englishman and of the vast variety of human opinion. The difficulties of a supreme ruler are made manifest. So I felt while listening to a Congregational preacher, to a Roman Catholic priest, and to a Methodist bishop,—one after the other, with an occasional mixing of all three. The radio is increasing the radius of the preacher's message. The preachers are being influenced by the fact that some of his unseen, but real, listeners will not enjoy narrow sectarianism, such as it is easy to hand out to four walls. The whole world may be listening, and unconsciously the message takes on the nature of a world message. From the Congregational preacher came the gospel of "The Christ of India," by Jones. He clearly announced that India did not want the "Christianity of America or England," but the Christ of the Gospels; India does not want Western civilization, but Jesus and his principles. And then the big voice of the Methodist bishop filled the air. And he came from the regions round about Singapore. He made his hearers conscious of their brothers on the other side of the world. To be sure he asked for $500 to buy a "Ford" for the work there. I could almost hear the silver dropping on the plates. Yet, it was a world message that he brought. And the congregation went down to their homes internationalized. And last came the priest with the message of the saints of Europe. He was modern enough to quote Carlyle that "The appearance of a saint in Europe had more influence than a great battle." Also, Longfellow contributed a thought about lives of great men reminding us that we can make our lives sublime. And I was ready to assent that sainthood comes from a course of training in the Holy Church, especially when I recalled that this Church emphasized universality. These are a few of the many voices sounding forth in American life, all of which are taking on, year by year, a broader and world-wide brotherhood aspect.

SYDNEY STRONG.

THE CLIMBERS

The mountain climber sees the final goal
In each new crag which, looming sheer above,
Hides all beyond and seems to lift its brow
Into the farthest ether! yet when gained,
Proves but the promise of a larger view,
Until the last is scaled, and from the top
The lower peaks appear like giant steps
Upon a winding stair.

So in our lives,
Each ardent aspiration seems in turn
The ultimate; but, realized, affords
Faint visions of sublime ideals beyond.
The very heavens that the creeds bestow
Upon their followers, like illusive crags,
Are merely stations on the mighty Road,
Giving new courage for the steep ascent.

Thrice blessed are the ways of him who knows
Each heaven but a step upon the stair
That leads to perfect and unchanging bliss:
Union with God and with all other souls.
He can, by consecration to mankind
And full devotion to his Higher Self,
O'erleap all intervening steps and come
Into the presence of the Infinite.

One Christ, one Buddha,—always one alone,—
Dares the last dash for Home!

Be steadfast, then;
Set for your goal the Goal Supreme, and climb
Undaunted, though you climb alone. Let not
The glamour of the lesser peaks delay
Your upward course. Risk all, nor fear to lose!
Who stands upon the summit shares the Whole!

DOMBEY SHEPHERD.

The Unfortunate

Oh, would you have done any better:
You, you in the pride of your place;
Oh, would you—there in the fetter—
On the scaffold with ashen face;
Oh, yes, with Eternity crowding
And the cords cutting down in your wrist;
The black-cap drawn, enshrouding:
Oh, would you if hampered and hissed?

Oh, could you not in the grimness
Of chambers that crackle with flame
When over your eyes comes a dimness,
A horror of dying in shame;
Oh, could you, bound to the sponges
And the arms of that terrible chair,
When the soul from out of you plunges—
Oh, could you not have been there?

O God, my God of the Ages,
Hear, hear in the depths of my heart;
Turn back the blood-lust that rages;
Stay, stay the scourge and the smart!
Take down the grim steps to the scaffold
And trample the flame of the chair;
Thy love, O God, it has baffled;
Thy love it must triumph there!

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

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PART II—CHAPTER VI

Arrival at Natal

When starting for South Africa I did not feel the wrench of separation which I had experienced when leaving for England. My mother was now no more. I had gained some knowledge of the world and of travel abroad, and going from Rajkot to Bombay was no unusual affair.

This time I only felt the pang of parting from my wife. Another baby had been born to us since my return from England. Our love could not yet be called free from lust but it was getting gradually purer. Since my return from Europe, we had lived very little together; and as I had now become her teacher, however indifferent, and helped her to make certain reforms, we both felt the necessity of being more together, if only to continue the reforms. But the attraction of South Africa rendered the separation bearable. "We are bound to meet again in a year," I said to her, by way of consolation, and left Rajkot for Bombay.

Here I was to get my passage through the agent of Dada Abdulla and Co. But no berth was available on the boat, and if I did not sail then I should be stranded in Bombay. "We have tried our best," said the agent, "to secure a first class passage, but in vain—unless you are prepared to go on deck. Your meals can be arranged for in the saloon." Those were the days of my first class travelling, and how could a barrister travel as a deck passenger? So I refused the offer. I suspected the agent's veracity, for, I could not believe that a first class passage was not available. With the agent's consent, I set about securing it myself. I went on board the boat and met the chief officer. He said to me quite frankly, "We do not usually have such a rush. But as the Governor-General of Mozambique is going by this boat, all the berths are engaged."

"Could you not possibly squeeze me in?" I said.

He surveyed me from top to toe and smiled. "There is just one way," he said. "There is an extra berth in my cabin, which is usually not available for passengers, but I am prepared to give it to you." I thanked him and got the agent to purchase the passage. In April 1893 I set forth full of zest to try my luck in South Africa.

The first port of call was Lamu which we reached in about thirteen days. The Captain and I had become great friends by this time. He was fond of playing chess, but as he was quite a novice, he wanted one still more of a beginner for his partner, and so he invited me. I had heard a lot about the game but had never tried my hand at it. Players used to say that this was a game in which there was plenty of scope for the exercise of one's intelligence. The Captain offered to teach it to me, and he found me a good pupil as I had unlimited patience. Every time I was the loser and that made him all the more eager to teach. I liked the game but never carried my liking beyond the boat or my knowledge beyond the moves of the pieces.

At Lamu the ship remained at anchor for some three to four hours and I landed to see the port. The Captain had also gone ashore, but he had warned me that the harbor was treacherous and that I should return in good time.

It was a very small place. I went to the Post Office and was delighted to see the Indian clerks there, and had a talk with them. I also saw the Africans and tried to acquaint myself with their ways of life which interested me very much. This took up some time. There were some deck passengers with whom I had made acquaintance, and who had landed with a view to cooking their food on shore and having a quiet meal. I now found them preparing to return to the steamer, so we all got into the same boat. The tide was high in the harbor and our boat had more than its proper load. The current was so strong that it was impossible to hold the boat to the ladder of the steamer. It would just touch the ladder and be drawn away again by the current. The first whistle to start had already gone. I was worried. The Captain was witnessing our plight from the bridge. He ordered the steamer to wait an extra five minutes. There was another boat near the ship which a friend hired for me for ten rupees. This boat picked me up from the overloaded one. The ladder had already been raised. I had therefore to be drawn up my means of a rope and the steamer started immediately. The other passengers were left behind. I now appreciated the Captain's warning.

After Lamu the next port was Mombasa and then Zanzibar. The halt here was a long one—eight or ten days—and we then changed to another boat.

The Captain liked me much but the liking took an undesirable turn. He invited an English friend and me to accompany him on an outing, and we all went ashore in his boat. I had not the least notion of what the outing meant. And little did the Captain know what an ignoramus I was in such matters. We were taken to some Negro women's quarters by a tout. We were each shown into a room. I simply stood there dumb with shame. Heaven only knows what the poor woman must have thought of me. When the Captain called me I came out just as I had gone in. He saw my innocence. At first I felt very much ashamed, but as I could not think of the thing except with horror, the sense of shame wore away and I thanked God that the sight of the woman had not moved me in the least. I was disgusted at my weakness and pitied myself for not having had the courage to refuse to go into the room.

This in my life was the third trial of its kind. Many a youth, innocent at first, must have been drawn into sin by a false sense of shame. I could claim no credit for having come out unscathed. I could have credit if I had refused to enter that room. I must entirely thank the All-merciful for having saved me. The incident increased my faith in God and taught me, to a certain extent, to cast off false shame.

As we had to remain in this port for a week, I took rooms in the town and saw much by wandering about the neighborhood. Only Malabar can give any idea of the luxuriant vegetation of Zanzibar. I was amazed at the gigantic trees and the size of the fruits.

The next call was at Mozambique and thence we reached Natal towards the close of May.

A Visit With Mahatma Gandhi

"Glad see you Thursday morning nine—Gandhi."

This brief telegram put new vim and vigor into me after a day of intensive sightseeing in Delhi as it dispelled the last doubt whether or not I would be able to come face to face with the man who but a few years ago with his novel doctrine of non-violence and non-cooperation and with a following of countless millions had constituted a grave menace to British rule in India; the man whom some consider one of the greatest patriots of all times, a spiritual equal to Christ and Buddha, and many more a fool, an idiot, or at best an idle dreamer.

Syed Husain Uraizee, the first Moslem non-co-operator in Ahmedabad, prominent in local politics, highly educated, keen, interesting and interested,—I had met him at a theatre party, the night of my arrival —courteously offered to call at my hotel in the morning to escort me to Sabarmati, the small suburban settlement three or four miles distant, to which Mr. Gandhi returned after his release from prison. Motoring through the city, I took in some interesting sights, particularly an exquisite stone-carving kept intact in the ruins of an old mosque, but it was hard indeed to realize that this teeming town with seventy huge milling plants (often called the Manchester of India) was three hundred years ago the most beautiful city in that country.

* * *

We soon arrived at our destination and walked through some fields and gardens to one of the farm-houses, the home of Mr. Gandhi. Utmost simplicity is the dominant note in and around Sabarmati, for the Mahatma happens to practice what he preaches. His requirements are almost nil. His wardrobe consists of a handwoven loincloth; a handful of dried fruits is his daily nourishment. A rough little desk laden down with papers and books, a bench for foreign visitors, a simple rug and a few implements make up the study, facing the garden, and open on one side. As I sat on the porch, waiting and observing, I could not help thinking of that great and kindred spirit from the North, who had once written such a beautiful letter to Gandhi: Leo Tolstoi.

* * *

Presently I was ushered into the study and before I knew it, was shaking hands and extending my greeting. After delivering a message from the Maulanas Mohammed and Shaukat Ali, the leaders of the Mohammedans in India and Mr. Gandhi's political partners, with whom I had had an hour's conversation in Delhi, I felt that my turn had come to ask some questions. He answered them, no matter how foolish, irritating or unnecessary they may have been, patiently and slowly, in a most kindly tone, in fluent English, fixing his large, spiritual eyes upon his attentive listener. Once I had some difficulty remembering instantly the next leading question and Mr. Gandhi showed his sense of humor by smilingly remarking that American visitors usually approach him with pad and pencil in hand and that they have every conceivable question safely written down. I assured him that I much preferred the spontaneity of our talk even at the risk of missing an answer to one question and filled the gap by asking his permission to leave with him a copy of Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher," which I had enjoyed so much on our trip and with which he was not yet familiar.

* * *

Mr. Gandhi today seems to be in good health and quite recovered from the very weakened condition after his operation in prison. The papers told us some months ago that he has retired for the present from active politics and tries to live in seclusion and meditation. This is rather difficult even in India, for besides occasional foreign intruders, his former political lieutenants and present captains are continually seeking his advice, even if seldom capable of following it. The British government appears to entirely ignore the former leader. —*Karl Placht.*

Observer (S. S. Resolute).

Annie Besant

A Study in Personality

[Editorial Note: In accordance with the announcement in UNITY (September 13th), we publish this "Study" of Mrs. Besant, now on a visit to this country. The second Part, which will appear next week, will describe the personal interview which prompted the "Study."]

Part I

The name of Annie Besant is immortal. Her place in the history of our era is secure. She will be remembered as one of the great iconoclasts, as one of the great non-conformists.

Already a legend is growing up around her personality.

She is 79 years of age. The daughter of Dr. William P. Wood, a physician, who died when she was but five years old, she was born in London, October 1, 1847. In her "Autobiography" she says: "It has always been somewhat of a grievance to me that I was born . . . 'within the sound of Bow Bells,' when three-quarters of my blood and all my heart are Irish." Here mother was Emily Maurice, "the second daughter in a large family, in a family that grew more numerous as pounds grew fewer."

A happy accident gave the child an exceptional education. She was at Bonn and Paris before she was sixteen, reading theology and science. Her mentor was the sister of Captain Marryat, the novelist.

In 1866 she met the Reverend Mr. Frank Besant, a young Cambridge man, "who had just taken orders." They were married the next year. "We were an ill-matched pair," she says. "He, with very high ideas of a husband's authority and a wife's submission; . . . I, accustomed to freedom, . . . impulsive, very hot-tempered, and proud as Lucifer." The union was a failure from the beginning. Two children were born, a son and a daughter. The illness of these babies in 1871 brought on "a struggle which lasted for three years and two months, and nearly cost me my life, the

struggle which transformed me from a Christian into an Atheist." She had been almost painfully devout as a child; the spectacle of a "helpless, sinless babe tortured for weeks and left frail and suffering," broke her faith. "I was outraged, desperate, with no door of escape from a life that, losing its hope in God, had not yet learned to live for hope for man." She attempted suicide, but found herself too brave to die. She staggered on, assailed "by the cyclone of doubt and misery," but hopeful in spite of unbelief; she longed to find answers for her questions in books, old and new. It is with pitiful sadness that she confesses, "My scepticism grew deeper and deeper as I read."

Her husband was occupied with his parish work; she "found some relief" for her tortured soul in "nursing the sick, trying to brighten the lot of the poor." For a moment she was encouraged by the preaching of Charles Voysey and the writings of Theodore Parker; but soon the tempest closed about her again. The Church her husband served challenged her; she was told that she must attend Communion. "I refused. Then came the distinct alternative; conformity or exclusion from home—in other words, hypocrisy or expulsion. I chose the latter." The date of this devastating experience was 1873; she had known six years of agony of mind and body. "A bitterly sad time followed."

Her brother "obtained for me a legal separation" from her stern husband. "I was free. . . . (but) I wondered what to do with my freedom." She found employment as "head cook, governess, and nurse in a vicar's family at Folkestone, but surrendered the post after a few months. Her mother was dying. In the crisis she sought the aid of Dean Stanley. The Dean was kindness and gentleness personified, but there was little that he could do. She was soon "all alone"—except for her small daughter, and her radical friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott. For Scott she wrote rationalist pamphlets, "and the few guineas thus earned were very valuable."

How long the battle might have continued we can but imagine. The turn of the tide came on August 2, 1874, when she first met Charles Bradlaugh. Their friendship endured until the great orator's death in 1891. Together they passed through such an ordeal as few human beings survive; indeed, Mrs. Besant insists that the experience shortened Bradlaugh's life by twenty years. "In lives to come we shall meet again, and help each other."

At the time of their first meeting Bradlaugh was already internationally famous; he was perhaps at once the best loved and most cordially hated man in England. His paper, the "National Reformer," was widely and passionately read. Through its columns and from hundreds of platforms he conducted a propaganda "against Christian superstition" such as England had never known before. The results of this campaign are visible to this hour.

Mrs. Besant appeared in the Bradlaugh camp at a critical moment. Her adherence to his cause had an importance not nearly so apparent as it was real. She brought to the work the wisdom born of bitter personal experience; the passion of a tortured heart. It was not long before her name was bracketed with his in his paper and in the programs of his public meetings. She began to write for the "National Reformer" in August, 1874. Her first lecture was delivered in the same month. In the National Secular Society, of which Bradlaugh was president, she was a vice-president from 1875 until 1890.

Together or alone, as occasion required, the two apostles of Rationalism travelled the length and breadth of Great Britain, speaking to audiences often hostile to the stone-throwing stage. When Bradlaugh stood again and again for Parliament Mrs. Besant electioneered with and for him. Perhaps the courage of the woman may not impress our generation, but it can hardly have failed to touch the imagination of the finer minds of that day.

The year 1877 was the great year of that period of her life. A pamphlet, written by an American physician, Dr. Charles Knowlton, in 1835, suddenly incurred the disapproval of certain fanatical Christian bodies; they objected to its circulation because it argued for the voluntary limitation of the family. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, stirred by the attempt to suppress information vital to the poor, decided to bring out a new edition of the booklet and announced that they would sell it in "defiance of the authorities." The so-called Christian Evidence Society persuaded the Tory government to take up the gauntlet thus thrown down; the two radicals were arrested on April 7. Their trial commenced on June 18 before the Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury. They were found guilty and sentenced to serve six months' imprisonment and fined. Bradlaugh promptly moved for a writ of error; the writ was finally granted, "proved successful, and the verdict was quashed." Whatever other aims the defendants may have had the result of the trial was quantities of publicity for the doctrine of Malthusianism, i. e., Birth Control; the press of the world was split wide open, thousands who had never heard of the subject found ways to learn all there was to learn about it. Mrs. Besant wrote and published a pamphlet on "The Law of Population," which enjoyed an international circulation; the Malthusian League was founded; a tide of interest in the conservation of human life swept the world.

But the whole affair was but the prelude to the bitterest experience of Mrs. Besant's career. In January, 1878, her husband applied to the High Court of Chancery to deprive her of the custody of her daughter. His contention was that an Atheist and a proponent of family limitation was manifestly unfit to have charge of the education of a child. She "appeared in person" at the hearing—a novelty in cases of the kind. The trial was a brutal farce. The Master of the Rolls, Sir George Jessel, "deprived me of my child, refusing to stay the order even until the hearing of my appeal against his decision. A messenger from the father came to my house, and the little child was carried away by main force, shrieking and struggling, . . . nearly frantic with fear and passionate resistance." The mother was now indeed alone. "At last health broke down, and fever struck me, and mercifully gave me the rest of pain and delirium instead of the agony of conscious loss." The Court of Appeal in April, 1879, upheld the cruel decision. But Mrs. Besant lived to win a greater victory in the fact

that, as mature man and woman, her son and daughter returned to her, joined in her work with her own enthusiasm.

Speaking today of the Malthusian movement, in which she remained an active force until 1891, Mrs. Besant says:

"I still hold Birth Control to be legitimate for young married couples and for married people unable or unwilling to lead a celibate life; I realize the danger to civilization of the multiplication of the unfit.

Emerging from the shadow of death in the Autumn of 1878, she returned to her work on the "National Reformer" and wrote her book on "England, India and Afghanistan." On successive Sundays she lectured in London at the Hall of Science and elsewhere; through the week she spoke in the provinces, giving on occasion three addresses a day. That she might be completely occupied she matriculated at the London University, studying in particular algebra, geometry, and physics. "But even here (in the University) theological and social hatred pursued me."

In October, 1879, she first met the Socialist, Herbert Burrows. Her special interest at the moment was in Land Law Reform. Later she led with him and won the famous match factory girls' strike.

In 1880 she fought for Bradlaugh in his campaign for a seat in the House of Commons; he was victorious, but, refusing to take the customary oath and declaring his right to affirm, he was prevented from occupying the place to which he had been elected. There followed a passionate struggle against "Tory contempt of law and Ultramontane bigotry." In the end in 1885 the radicals triumphed, and Bradlaugh took his seat; but the price he paid was his health—from 1880 on until his death he was a sick man, worn out, weary; still active, of course, but tired. "Some hold their ideals lightly, but his heartstrings were twined round his."

In the midst of five campaigns, Mrs. Besant kept on with her teaching and writing. Among other themes with which she dealt at the time was the coercion policy in Ireland. "Force no remedy."

In 1882 "came the first whisper to me of the Theosophical Society." Her first reactions were unfriendly; she held that members of the National Secular Society could not consistently join a body devoted to "other-worldism."

From 1882 until 1891 she was at work daily at the "National Reformer" office in Fleet street; her associates were Bradlaugh, Dr. Edward B. Aveling and John Robertson. For six years, from 1883 until 1889, she edited a sixpenny magazine, "Our Corner," for which Bernard Shaw, Moncure Conway, Yves Guyot, Ernst Haeckel and many others wrote.

In 1883 came Bradlaugh's trial for blasphemy—a case based on material published in "The Freethinker." Lord Chief Justice Coleridge presided. The verdict was "Not guilty." Another victory, but costly.

The next year Mrs. Besant began to take an intelligent interest in the Socialist movement. Her attitude was hostile at first; she confused Socialism with violence. But the famous debate between Bradlaugh and Henry Hyndman in April, 1884, "roused me to a serious study of the questions raised." Meeting Bernard Shaw was probably the experience that finally broke her resistance.

In January, 1885, we find her writing:

Christian charity? We know its work. It gives a hundred-weight of coal and five pounds of beef once a year to a family whose head could earn a hundred such doles if Christian justice allowed him fair wage for the work he performs.

At about the same time she said in "Our Corner":

Over against those who laud the present state of society, with its unjustly rich and its unjustly poor, with its palaces and its slums, its millionaires and its paupers, be it ours to proclaim that there is a higher ideal in life than that of being first in the race for wealth, most successful in the scramble for gold.

She was adding science to Samaritanism; she was gaining a sound background for her work. Her immediate purpose was a union of Socialists and Radical Individualists—an impossible achievement.

It was more or less inevitable that she should join the Fabian Society eventually. Under its banner she wrote and lectured; her companions were Sidney Webb, Hubert Bland, Graham Wallas, and the irrepressible Bernard Shaw.

Her interest in oppressed nationalities survived through all these years. A society of Friends of Russia was organized in her house to "spread accurate and careful information about the present condition" of the Czar's realm. She was thus again a pioneer; perhaps the Russian radicals of 1917 remembered with gratitude her efforts in 1885.

In 1888 she was elected (as a Socialist) to membership in the School Board for Tower Hamlets. This was a period, too, of free speech battles, of helping arrested workmen "by providing bail and legal defence," and of aiding the families of political prisoners.

We find records of meetings at which she spoke with Edward Carpenter, William Morris and other equally noted figures of the day. We find her speaking of "this crucified Christ, Humanity." "The passion of pity grew stronger and stronger" in her heart.

It is not strange, as we look back upon the situation, that Mrs. Besant gradually found it impossible to please all the subscribers of the "National Reformer." They were individualists, for the most part. In 1887 she resigned her position as co-editor. "The change did not affect my work on the paper, but I became merely a subordinate, though remaining, of course, joint proprietor."

With respect to Bradlaugh at this moment of parting—for it was in effect just that—she says:

While he was outcast and hated I had the pride of standing at his side; when all the fair-weather friends came buzzing round him I served him best by self-effacement, and I never loved him better than when I stood aside. . . . No change of opinions touched his kindness to me, although when . . . I joined the Theosophical Society, he lost his trust in my reasoning powers and judgment.

If we detect in this expression some element of bitterness, let us remember the thirteen years of close association they enjoyed; let us not forget that while Bradlaugh was tired and no longer young, Mrs. Besant was brimming with vitality and longing for an extension of her field of labor. Both were highly developed personalities.

The organization of a Soloist Defence Association, the propaganda of the Metropolitan Radical Federation, the Fabian Society, the Social Democratic Federation, the Socialist League, street meetings, debates, processions, a police-promoted riot, all the routine of a radical leader's life occupied her

time. Her friends included W. T. Stead, R. Cunninghame Graham, the Rev. Stewart O. Headlam and many others prominent in humanitarian causes. With Stead especially she was in close touch—"he Christian, I Atheist, burning with one common love for man, one common hatred against oppression."

We find her writing in 1888,

We ought to have a new Church, which should include all who have the common ground of faith in and love for man.

This would indicate that in Mrs. Besant's mind, also, the ideal of what we call the Community Church was germinating.

The teaching of social duty, the upholding of social righteousness, the building up of a true commonwealth—such would be among the aims of the Church of the future.

With these principles agreed upon, Stead and Mrs. Besant issued a weekly paper, "The Link." It became a real light in the darkness." Herbert Burrows gave part of the last years of his career to aiding this little journal.

The intensely practicable side of Mrs. Besant's efforts then was

defending people against unjust landlords, exposing workhouse (poorhouse) scandals, . . . forming "Vigilance Circles" whose members kept watch in their own district over cases of cruelty to children, extortion, . . . etc.

"If we insist on . . . children being educated, is it not necessary that they shall be fed?" "For these child martyrs of the slums, society has only formulas, not food." In phrases like these we may discover the motivation of her enterprises. Robbed of her own children, she served the children of a nation, of a world.

Now we come to "the to me never-to-be-forgotten year in which I found my way 'home' "—1889. She says,

The Socialist position sufficed on the economic side, but where to gain the inspiration, the motive, which should lead to the realization of the Brotherhood of Man?

The answer she found in Theosophy.

She was asked by Stead to review the two volumes of "The Secret Doctrine," H. P. Blavatsky's book. She wrote the review, and a little later met the author. On May 10, 1889, she joined the Theosophical Society, became a pupil of Mrs. Blavatsky and closed the door on the philosophy of Atheism of which she had been for so long and with such courage an exponent.

"My dear Mrs. Besant, I have so long wished to see you!" Such was the first sentence ever spoken to her by the author of "The Secret Doctrine."

Mrs. Blavatsky "left her body" on May 8, 1891. Mrs. Besant succeeded her as the leader of the Theosophical movement.

Bradlaugh died in the same year.

In 1883 Mrs. Besant left England for India. From that time on India has been her home. She has been and is a consistent Home Rule advocate; she believes in the independence of India within the British empire. Her position among her adopted people may be estimated by the fact that she has served as President of the Indian National Congress. Her standing with the British crown may be gauged by the fact that during the World War she was interned.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

[To be continued next week]

The Study Table

"Best Sermons" Again

For the third time Dr. Joseph Fort Newton gives us an anthology* of "best sermons"—this time for the recent year 1925-1926. We had our doubts, when the first of these successive volumes appeared, of the ability of editor and publisher to make of the venture a perennial success. There is something so necessarily unreal about a printed sermon—it is so manifestly impossible to find the "best sermons" preached in this country in a single year—it is so essentially difficult for any one man to survey the work of his colleagues and pronounce satisfactory judgment!

But Dr. Newton has proved himself to be the man for the job. By dint of what seems to be the gift of sheer editorial genius, he has overcome all obstacles, and made triumphant way to his appointed goal. This genius springs, we feel, from the essential spirit of the man. Dr. Newton is a mystic—he feels instinctively, therefore, the presence of that living spirit, of which every true sermon must be the incarnation. He is an artist—he has himself mastered the homiletic art, and can discover and appreciate the mastery of other men. United with these basic qualities are a catholicity of taste, a breadth of vision, and a religious sympathy, which together provide a well nigh ideal equipment for his task. Dr. Newton's successive volumes of "best sermons" are a tribute quite as much to the man himself as to the pulpit which he seeks to glorify.

This last volume is made notable, among other things, by the inclusion, in the place of honor, of Dr. Fosdick's great sermon preached before the League of Nations at Geneva. A worthy companion-piece to this is Dr. Carl T. Patton's sermon preached before the last session of the National Council of Congregational Churches in Washington. A particularly welcome discourse is that by Dr. Felix Adler, who has been celebrating this year his fiftieth year as leader of the Ethical Movement, and the seventy-fifth year of his own age. Other sermons are contributed by a wide variety of men including Fundamentalists, Modernists, Liberals, and our own venerable and venerated associate of UNITY, Dr. J. T. Sunderland.

We congratulate Dr. Newton on this volume, and beg him to keep right on.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Best Sermons—1926," edited by Joseph Fort Newton, published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Windows of Homes

The lighted windows, as I pass them by,
Are as the half-closed eyes of her
I passed upon a bridge; with not a stir
About her silent body—no moon can lie
As pulseless in a painted sky—
And yet, a glow, like firelight on the ceiling,
Struggled with shadows not to die.

I go by lighted windows, bright without a stir—
I caught my breath as on the bridge when I saw her.

SAMUEL MARION LOWDEN.

Correspondence

A Refutation

Editor of UNITY:

Old beliefs die hard. Even with all our present knowledge of the squabbles and intrigues and deceptions, the hypocrisies, jealousies and greed, that bring on war, and of the shallowness and stupidity of the real causes which are magnified and falsified by propaganda till they retain no semblance of the actual thing, we are told by so eminent an individual as Graham Wallas that "we can make war efficiently but cannot prevent it." The jotting in UNITY in which I read that statement continued, "Our minds are capable of controlling and directing the forces involved in the one phenomenon, but not in the other."

Notwithstanding the learning and wisdom of the noted author of the remark, I venture to assert that it is not accurate. In fact it is not true *at all!* The simple fact is that *we can control the forces that prevent war, but we do not because we will not!* The assertion made by Wallas should be thought out and critically examined and discussed before it is accepted. If we accept it without question as the final ultimatum we may as well abandon all efforts for world peace, succumb to the inevitable and lie down and die—or watch the gradual ominous gathering of the clouds massing in preparation for the next downpour whose deluge will write "finis" to "all the gain of hard-wrought centuries."

The statement under discussion is one of those that people are prone to believe because in line with past teaching. The jotting draws attention to it as a "curious fact." It would indeed be "curious" if it were a "fact," but it is not. It is a sham. Yet belief in a sham is a powerful factor for evil, since our beliefs largely rule our voluntary conduct. Our real beliefs—not pretended ones. We of today need modern wisdom for guidance based upon truth, as near as it has been possible for us to reach it, not on superstitions and shams of past ages. Beliefs in superstitions and shams lead us into dangerous ways. To one from whose eyes the scales have fallen it is amazing and infinitely saddening to see his fellows groping in the darkness of the belief that reliance on implements of danger and destruction will bring us into the haven of security and peace—a belief so widely held today. Yet if the "forces" which tend to prevent such international conflict cannot be controlled there might be reason for the continuance of the belief that such reliance is the best that is left us.

What are the "forces" of which Mr. Wallas speaks so confidently? What are those "forces" capable of control for production of immeasurable evil and incapable of control for the prevention of evil and production of good? Are they of the air, water, land, or of the human brain? A physical force productive of cyclone or earthquake we bow before without an attempt at prevention. But the forces—whatever they may be—whose action finally brings about the explosion of war are not physical. They belong to the realm of mental endeavor. Can we control ourselves?

The vague allusion to "forces" as some mysterious powers within or without our control is not explicit but confusing. Perhaps the entanglements due to foreign investments, oil-fields or other mineral deposits, foreign markets, imperialism and other now known and acknowledged causes of war were what were meant. But whatever the dispute may have been that has culminated in armed conflict, that conflict has been the result of the war mind that has been sedulously cultivated instead of a peace mind. War has become a habit of mind, as marked as ancestor worship in China. To uproot a custom that exerts an influence so paralyzing to mental faculties requires Herculean mental effort, and few of us there be who are capable of such effort! But are not some equal to the task who, as leaders, will reveal the truth to the dependent multitude? . .

From fear of each other—dating back to times when tribes attacked one another without warning—nations have continued using barbaric methods till our modern world, through employment of those very devices—wonders of scientific invention—which it is holding for its safety and protection, is threatening—even preparing—its own final extinction! This is deliberate assistance of what Mr. Wallas designates as the forces involved in the phenomenon of war. And for some reasons he concludes that our minds are capable of directing and controlling such forces but are powerless to direct or control (or assist?) the forces that ensure our safety! Are we then so ignorant, so helpless? Have our minds lost the capacity for understanding what to do and how to do it to save ourselves? Has fear paralyzed our faculties? Has it driven us actually insane? If that is what Graham Wallas means then the outlook for humanity is poor indeed! . . .

The entire problem of war today is a problem of education. It is distinctly, unequivocally, indisputably due to the attitude of mind assumed towards it. The world has been educated to believe, through long generations, that war is a necessity and is occasionally inevitable. The armaments and militarism of today are the cumulative outcome of that education and intrenched belief.

All forces that make either for war or for peace are mental forces which are equally capable of control by mankind. There are no mysterious or sinister forces, incapable of human comprehension and direction, that control economics or history or anything directly connected with the social life and development of man. On the contrary such forces are exactly the sort of thing that can be controlled and directed since they depend upon the human will!

We have only to realize that all the forces back of human conduct or action are mental forces and the methods of procedure to bring about any desired end are plainly apparent. But in this matter of war or peace we have to face the difficulty of overcoming a belief that is wrought into the very fiber of our being. I will even admit that the war mind is a species of insanity. Those who, as leaders of people, cultivate it with a view to using warfare, knowing the shocking consequences thereof in every direction in every phase of life, are unquestionably, to my mind, deranged on that point. But a twisted viewpoint frequently results from wrong education in other subjects than war. We must seek truth; and truth must be presented to people now in ignorance of it and in subjection to the false teaching that has prevailed so long. When the clear stream of truth is turned upon the Augean stables of war the world will soon be rid of a custom that has been a recurring pestilence of black horror for centuries. This can be done and will be done. Indeed a good beginning has already been made.

A good many persons now know that war, under any conditions or circumstances that can possibly occur, is never necessary or inevitable. If a contention arises and governments prefer peace to warfare, peace is maintained. In our own history trouble brewed over the western Canadian boundary line and seal fisheries but in both instances affairs were settled by peaceful procedures. Other instances of similar settlement of international disputes could be cited, for example, one between France and Germany about two or three years before the World War. We are fully justified then in saying that forces preventing war were controlled by a definite process.

It is when war is preferred to peace that diplomatic negotiations do not succeed, and war is therefore proclaimed as inevitable, when the bald truth is that war was resorted to because preferred to the demands of peaceful negotiations.

The recent treaties between the Scandinavian countries must not be overlooked or belittled for these are indisputable proof of the progressive tendency of our times toward control of the forces that "prevent" war. And I will call attention also to the Christ of the Andes which stands as an imperishable memorial to the pledge of Argentina and of Chili that nothing shall ever lead to war between those countries. This was the first instance of such a treaty in the Western Hemisphere and one of the first in the world. *What two countries can do, any and all countries can do if they choose! It depends wholly upon the attitude of mind! War can be prevented if prevention is desired.*

Elihu Root has said: "There can be no doubt that the principal objection to arbitration rests not upon the unwillingness of nations to submit their controversies to impartial arbitration, but upon an apprehension that the arbitration to which they submit may not be impartial." That may be true. But is it a good and sufficient reason for refusing that procedure and choosing warfare? At what human tribunal can we be sure of positive justice? Is it meted out daily without mistake or error in our law courts? And is justice obtained by warfare? Although the verdict of arbitration procedures were not impartial could they be less so than the verdict rendered by war's victories? And

The Field

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

CONFERENCE FOR FILIPINO INDEPENDENCE

Washington, D. C., Dec. 17-19, 1926

To All Interested Organizations and Individuals:

Every day's news makes it clearer that the forces of American imperialism are preparing to deal a final deathblow to the national aspirations of the people of the Philippine Islands. The rapid development of events must alarm and arouse every true friend of Filipino liberty.

Governor-General Wood's autocratic regime has reached the stage of permanent conflict with the Filipino people. Civil liberties have been wantonly infringed. Filipino leaders have been imprisoned for daring to criticize the General.

Their imagination fired by the sudden realization that the Moro provinces of the islands contain 1,500,000 acres of the best rubber-growing land in the world, the Wall Street interests have launched upon an elaborate and spectacular campaign for intensive exploitation of the Philippines, under monopoly, colonial conditions. They have such determined support from Washington that decisive steps to accomplish their will are plainly about to be taken.

The Bacon Bill which is already before congress would tear away 53 per cent of the territory of the Philippine Islands and place it under dictatorial and exclusive American rule, thus creating a new Ulster in the Philippines.

The two Kiess Bills further threaten the authority of the Filipino legislature.

Summing up the entire campaign is the Mission of Col. Carmi A. Thompson to the Phillippine Islands as personal emissary of President Coolidge "to investigate economic possibilities of the Philippine Islands."

Now President Coolidge announces that one of the principal points of his forthcoming message to Congress will deal with the Philippine question.

What this means is obvious: A determined drive for the repeal of the Jones Law of 1916 giving the Filipinos some share in the Philippine government and promising them eventual independence; attempts to destroy the Filipino independence movement; tightening and perpetuating American imperialist rule in the Philippines.

Alone, the 11,500,000 Filipinos cannot hope to defend themselves against the greatest imperialist power in the world. Now when new chains are being forged for them, the Filipinos look toward the United States to see whether some voice is not raised here in their behalf.

Our obligation is plain. The demands upon us are urgent. Now is the time for all sincere and earnest advocates of Filipino independence to declare themselves openly, to create a steady counter-offensive to the developing schemes of Wall Street and Washington.

We, the undersigned organizations, call upon you to participate with us in a nation-wide conference for Filipino independence to be held at Washington, D. C., December 17-19, 1926.

Our efforts will be directed towards making the Filipino independence conference a point of focus for mobilizing all of the anti-imperialist forces in the country and for attracting nation-wide attention to the cause of Filipino independence. It is hoped that the conference will result in the formation of a permanent committee for Filipino independence, to agitate the issue before Congress, to maintain correspondence with the Philippine Islands, to issue regular publicity, etc. If finances permit, the conference should also vote to send an investigating committee to the Philippine Islands.

The prospective return of Col. Thompson's Mission and the coming Congressional elections have made it necessary to issue this call on very short notice. There must be quick action if the conference is to be a success. We ask you to take the matter up at once.

If you stand for Filipino independence or are interested in any of the points in the proposed agenda you should endorse this call and communicate with us immediately your determination to send a delegate to the conference at Washington.

Yours for immediate, absolute and complete independence for the Phillipines.

ALL-AMERICAN ANTI-IMPERIALIST LEAGUE,
FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION,
EMERGENCY FOREIGN POLICY CONFERENCE,
FILIPINO ASSOCIATION OF CHICAGO.

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how would a country's losses from a verdict of arbitration compare with those resulting from warfare? Look at the world today for your answer.

On the points of inevitability of warfare Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. pre-eminent authority on the vast subject of war, writes in "Now Is the Time," "A few years after a war, causes which otherwise would certainly lead to war pass by because the Governments are well aware they cannot depend on their peoples to fight. There have been far graver points of difference between nations in the seven years since 1918, because of the policy of the statesmen who made peace than ever there were in the seven years before 1914. . . . The fact that we find the greater European wars spaced out at decent intervals is very significant; it means that the Governments have to wait till they feel sure the people are ready, and, however great the provocation may be in between whiles, they will adjust their diplomacy so as to compromise over a settlement. The phrases 'the country is exhausted,' 'there is war weariness,' mean, in plain English, the people won't fight. Quarrels consequently are adjusted without any loss of prestige or self-respect, and the absence of any power to threaten force no doubt helps a settlement. Whereas if twenty or thirty years have passed without war, the Government feels it can safely adopt a more truculent attitude; it can be uncompromising and use just the threats it dared not use before; its plans and tricks to cajole the people may be depended upon to operate successfully, and the so-called cause of war will soon arise. As long as there is reason to believe that there is any widespread reluctance on the part of the people, no *casus belli* will appear on the horizon." Who wants better proof than that that wars can be prevented any time the governments prefer peace? One is aghast at such revelation of the treachery of governments toward their people!

This century cannot claim the discovery that war could be prevented by the exercise of the necessary mental forces. Frederick the Great expressed that profound truth in declaring, "If my soldiers would think for themselves not one of them would remain in the ranks!" I ask you now, is anything else needed today for the world to free itself from the shackles of war than for the men to think for themselves—not as their "leaders," political and military, tell them to think? Does not the remark of Frederick the Great illuminate the whole situation?

Public men holding high office know the shams that are imposed upon the populace and occasionally (unguardedly) give them away. Lloyd George blurts out the truth in saying: "Wars are precipitated by motives which the statesmen responsible for them dare not publicly avow. A public discussion would drag these motives in their nudity into the open, where they would die of exposure to the withering contempt of humanity." What more do we want, you and I and every intelligent adult, to give us the cue to the move that will "prevent" war as effectively as we now make it "efficiently?"

To quote again from Arthur Ponsonby: "The people are the masters. They have complete power. But so accustomed have they been to subservience and acquiescence, that they do not know they have the power. It is our business to teach them, so that Governments may become their servants. If the people want enduring peace, they can have it. It rests with them." LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
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Friday Morning Forum

10:30 A. M.

October 29—Charles Edward Russell
Fruits of Imperialism
Journalist, author, lecturer. Has served on diplomatic mission to Russia and on Public Information Commission to Great Britain, also at one time a member of the President's Industrial Commission.

November 5—Alva Taylor
The Crisis in Mexico
Secretary of the board of temperance and social service, Disciples of Christ; contributing editor "The Christian Century." Dr. Taylor spent a large part of August in Mexico as a leader of a Goodwill Mission composed of more than thirty American political, industrial and religious leaders.

November 12—Jennie Loitman Barron
What is Wrong With Our School System?
Mrs. Barron is a member of the Boston School Board, member of Legislative and Educational Committee of the Boston Federation of Women's Clubs, etc.

November 19—John Haynes Holmes
Are We Finding Peace?
Minister, Community Church, New York City, and editor of UNITY.

December 3—Kirby Page
Dictatorships—Black and Red
Author and lecturer. During the past eight years Mr. Page has travelled more than 125,000 miles in twenty-two countries. His books and pamphlets have been widely read and many translations made.

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